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AUGUST, 1949

The Liberalist

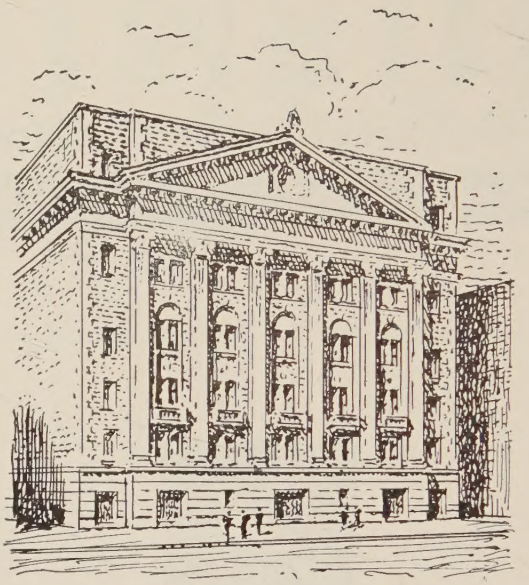
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

THE SEA GIPSY

Richard Hovey

I am fevered with the sunset,
I am fretful with the bay,
For the wander-thirst is on me
And my soul is in Cathay.
There's a schooner in the offing
With her topsails shot with fire,
And my heart has gone aboard her
For the Islands of Desire.
I must forth again tomorrow,
With the sunset I must be,
Hull down on the trail of rapture
In the wonder of the sea.

(From *One Thousand Beautiful Things.*—Barrows)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXVI **August, 1949** *Number 5*

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

I AM writing this on the steamship "Nieuw Amsterdam" which is due to dock at Southampton, England, in the morning at three o'clock. I had hoped to have a more interesting article than this for the August number, but I must air-mail this from Southampton to Chicago in order to meet the July 15th deadline for our August number. In the September issue I hope to give you in greater detail some of my experiences.

This has been the most pleasant crossing I have ever made on the Atlantic Ocean. I left New York in a temperature of 90° and unbearable humidity, one week ago tomorrow. On coming on board my first interest was my stateroom and then a stroll over the ship. First impressions were most favorable and later association has confirmed them. This fine ship was built in 1938—the year before the war. She is 36,000 tonnage and the steadiest ship I was ever on. During the war she carried 10,000 soldiers at one trip in transport service and has an enviable war record. She was never attacked and came through proudly, carrying at her masthead the colors of the Allies.

We sailed from the Fifth Street Pier in Hoboken, New Jersey at exactly 4:00 p.m. on July 1st. Soon we were going down the river, past the Pilot Boat where we left our pilot, then past the Ambrose Lightship, and the Atlantic was before us. As we went out to sea the temperature cooled somewhat, although the first three days at sea were quite warm. When I returned to my stateroom after dinner I found the Passenger List on my table. Every passenger is always anxious to see the Passenger List.

Many questions go through one's mind as he realizes he is alone on a ship. "Who is on board? Is there anyone from Chicago? Are there any famous people?" and "I wonder who will be my table companions in the dining room!" I read immediately the Passenger List and how delighted I was to know who were to be my fellow passengers.

The first one I knew was Dr. Frederick May Eliot, of Boston, President of the American Unitarian Association. He has preached for me and I have known him intimately for many years. He is on his way to Amsterdam, after preaching in London and Cambridge.

The next names I recognized were

Dr. Franklyn Bliss Snyder, the retiring President of Northwestern University and Mrs. Snyder; the Reverend Mr. Arms, Minister of the Universalist Church of Peoria and also the Minister of the Universalist Church of Stoughton, Mass. I was glad to know these friends were on the boat. I hadn't known they had booked passage on the ship. After dinner on the first night out I met them all during the evening as I walked the deck or read in the lounge.

Dr. Eliot asked to be transferred to my table, where Mr. and Mrs. Russell Watson of Manistique, Michigan, had already been assigned. Mrs. Watson has attended our church in Chicago. Mr. Watson was a former Professor of Forestry in the University of Michigan, and many years ago introduced me at a Conservation Banquet, in Michigan. It was now fortunate, and yet accidental, that we should meet on this ship and be assigned to the same table in the dining room. We have eaten together for a week now and every meal has been made pleasant by most interesting and pleasant conversation. Mr. and Mrs. Watson are going up to London with me in the morning. Mr. Watson is going on to Finland to attend an International Meeting of Foresters. Mrs. Watson is staying in London and will hear me preach Sunday in Highgate Church.

I have had many unusual visits with Dr. Snyder of Northwestern University. Nowhere else does the spirit of fellowship prevail as on a boat and one gets to know people better than anywhere else. There are many other people I have met who know of our work and who are from the metropolitan area of Chicago. The casual chats with people from Holland, France, Germany, Great Britain and America, as one stands at the ship's rail watching the sea and sky are always interesting. There are a Baroness and a Countess on board but I haven't met them and am not especially interested in doing so. I am not accustomed to titled people and would probably be ill-at-ease with them. Titles do not appeal to me and people who parade their titles have no interest for me whatever.

I have crossed the Atlantic Ocean many times but never have I had such a smooth crossing as this has been. Literally one could have been perfectly safe in a good rowboat. Even the familiar Atlantic roll was missing. The first three days out of New York it was unusually warm. The weather cooled as we neared England. Every day we had brilliant sunshine, blue skies and, at night, stars—millions of stars! Last night a full moon, like a great golden ball, hung in exquisite loveliness in the sky. It was a soul-enriching experience to stand on the promenade deck facing the bow and just let the beauty of it all sink into your deepest self. Thoughts too deep for utterance come to one's mind. When I think of those who made a pathway across this ocean, from Columbus to this ship; when I think of the thousands of American soldiers who sailed it, and of some who never crossed toward home again; when I think of its toll of tragedy and human lives; when I think of it in the light of history; of my being a part of all this, by being on this sea—I become inarticulate with it all. Every mile takes me farther away from the land I love, the ones I love and the church I love. The travel and work ahead of me I accept gladly as an opportunity of bringing back to America something which will help in building a saner and more just world.

In the September number I shall give a detailed account of my travels and experiences. The article must be in Chicago by August 15th. This will necessitate some of the matter going

into the October number. You will probably hear many of my experiences and reactions in sermons, lectures and radio addresses this fall and winter.

I have just come to my stateroom from a walk around the decks before retiring. Tomorrow morning at three o'clock, we shall be alongside the pier in Southampton; then a hurried breakfast, immigration inspection, customs, then the steamer, train, and—London. I wonder if it will be like the London I last saw in 1938! We shall see; and I shall tell you about it next month.

"LIVE A NEW LIFE"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

WHEN I mention the name Marya Skodovska, I don't think to very many people it will be a familiar name, yet by another name this personality is known by reputation and by achievement to every person reading these words. Each of you have heard the name Mme. Curie; each of you know the work accomplished. The whole civilized world is indebted to this personality, known, honored, loved, esteemed throughout the world by all races, by all nations, by all religions everywhere in the world. I am going to use Madame Curie's life as the background of some things I am going to say about living a new life. Every person has at some time or other found his life in a dull and unsatisfactory condition so that he has said to himself, if not to his intimates, "I wish I could live a new life. I wish I could have it different, something is wrong with it, something is wrong with me, something is wrong with my life, the whole thing is in a bit of a jumble. I wish I could live a new life." Somewhere along the way you grew disgusted with yourself, disgusted with your associations, perhaps irritated with your work, perhaps disillusioned in your friendships, perhaps disappointed with your achievement, and you took a deep sigh and said, "I wish I could get out of it, I wish I could break with it, I wish I could live a new life!"

It is a universal thing and it is a laudable ambition, but I think if we are going to think realistically about the job that there are a lot of things we must consider when we really want to live a new life.

First of all, there must be, I think, a very deep-seated analysis of our present situation that we desire to change. It must not be upon snap judgment, emotion, or a form of hysteria. Now, no matter how much you or I have wanted to change our lives and start all over again, and no matter how many times some of us have tried it, we have discovered that in spite of our ambitions, desires, hopes and plans to start a new life, there have been certain circumscribed limitations that we have had to face, and there are a lot of things that we must accept, that never can be new, that never can be changed and we must develop the technique of adaptation and the first principle that each of us must consider is to understand where we have to make those adaptations.

Take a person who is unhappy, a young person having difficulty perhaps

in their home where there is a lack of parental understanding, where there is a lack of appreciation between the parents and the youth in that home; where that condition exists the child cannot go out and kill the parents. They are there, and always going to be there in this particular problem, and remain there. You must find a process of adapting yourself to that reality. The parents are there and therefore you have to begin the solution of the difficulty on this principle of an analysis of the situation that exists.

A little girl was born in poverty with no social status, no opportunity, poorest of the poor, in Warsaw, Poland, Marya Sklodovska. At the age of eleven her mother died and she was left quite alone and almost penniless in the world, but there was an imperative in her life and there was a natural aptitude of a humanitarian structure which made her love people, and wherever she saw people suffering or stricken her heart was deeply touched, and we find her very early in her young woman's career, thinking of doing something that would help humanity, so off to Paris she went to study. After she had been there a little while, living in one room, the poverty-like character of which can be compared to a garret hovel, where it was necessary for her to live on what would be thirty cents a week, all her father could send her from Warsaw, there this somewhat fragile body, but magnificent soul, met Pierre Curie and they found themselves indispensable to each other; they found that most adequate and beautiful experience that ever can come to two human hearts, the heart of a man and the heart of a woman, blending in the divine consistency of the unity of love. There will be no ecstasy in heaven comparable to that ecstasy, when that union is consummated, and there is that relationship of comradeship and sharing of two hearts divinely welded. And so they became, as is the ideal of love, almost one personality, until Madame Curie said to him one day, "I love you so much, and you love me so much, that I hope when the time comes for us to go, it will be the same time: I don't want to live without you." And he replied, "I cannot live without you." Then one night an ambulance clanging away, stopped at her door, and after only eleven years of this idealistic, beautiful relationship, Pierre Curie was brought into her home a mangled form of bone and blood, dead from a frightful street accident where a cart had crushed out the life of the great Doctor Curie. They took the trinkets out of his pockets, his watch, and the little things that he carried. She held them in her hand; and for thirty-seven years she walked the highway of the years alone, without him, in a loneliness that can never be fathomed except by those who have passed through a similar experience.

What did Madame Curie do in her grief and loneliness? For her to live a new life meant to adapt herself to her loneliness. No amount of hysteria could bring him back; no amount of emotion, uncontrolled; nothing could change! Her lover-husband was dead, the other self had gone, but she continued with a definiteness of purpose and a concentration of effort upon the great task set before her. She adapted herself to reality in her quest for the new life. She had to meet loneliness, and she met it just as she met poverty, just as she met sorrow, just as she met life, she met it by accepting that which could not be changed and adapting the result to her own development and her own achievement.

That is mastering life! That is what I mean when I face, as I indeed do, my own weakness at times; when we find ourselves unable to adapt our-

selves to that which is realistically the truth about ourselves, and about our relations and about our home, about everything that we have to command. People fail in life because they cannot adapt themselves to the challenge which is presented to them. They break emotionally, hysterically, they talk about emotional disturbance, they talk about breakdowns; they take their little life, circumscribe it and center it directly upon themselves, their own happiness and peace of mind and their own focus of life, and when they face the reality they run away from life like crybabies. They permit themselves to be twisted and torn asunder, and we see the gradual disintegration and demoralization and decay of life. Very soon they find themselves suffering from their inability to project these qualities that make for triumphant and beautiful living, and they seek release and abandonment in alcohol, in forgetfulness, a thousand, thousand things crowd into the life and then we read the tragedy in the headlines of the newspapers every day of life.

By analysis of every one of them, you will discover failure to adapt oneself in the living of life to a condition that cannot be changed, something one cannot do anything about, and has no power to control.

Robert Louis Stevenson, one of my favorite writers in the English language, all of his lifetime hacking away, with his frail body trying to live—there was not an hour of his life that was not a struggle to keep alive—until there at Upolu, Western Somoa, in the beautiful and indescribable glory of an ocean sunrise his noble spirit could linger no longer in his broken body, and after hacking out his lungs with tuberculosis, it gave up his spirit and died. But not one hour of that life, not one hour of it, from the first gleam of life in an unknown Scottish cottage until the last breath at Upolu, not an hour of Robert Louis Stevenson's life but he had to battle against that which he could not change. He did not run away, he did not drown his soul and ruin his body by adding, by his own conduct, to his own destruction. No! He wrote "Treasure Island" and the beautiful incomparable essays. Robert Louis Stevenson will live as one of the great creative artists of literature! He did not run away into demoralization; he kept control and adapted himself to his tragedy.

Just recently Helen Keller's home was bought, at Great Neck, where Helen Keller lived, and what was the purchaser's amazement as he went into that home where Helen Keller lived! In the living room on three sides were eight large windows—eight large windows—and they looked out upon a beautiful scene of loveliness, and he said, "I thought Helen Keller built this home." Here were eight large windows in her living room, and he said to himself, "If Helen Keller, who walked in perpetual blackness, could have eight windows, it was because Helen Keller had eyes in her soul." If one who knew no light needed the light, how much more we, who have light, ought to appreciate and love it.

You see where we are confused is on this thing of happiness; there is where we are confused. We want it, strive for it, hope for it, we pray for it, we center everything that happens to us upon it, *HAPPINESS,* and we are confused about it.

I shall never forget what was written by King George the Fifth of England when he was asked to autograph a Bible. He took it and in this Bible he wrote: *"Happiness is not loving what we want to do. Happiness is loving what we have to do."*

There is a philosophy of happiness that would revolutionize your heart and mine! You want to lead a new life? Bravo, that's fine! Tired of the old one? That's progress! *BUT REMEMBER, THOSE WHO HAVE FOUND HAPPINESS AND ACHIEVEMENT IN THE WORLD ARE THOSE WHO TOOK WHAT THEY HAD AND TRANSLATED IT INTO BEAUTY AND INTO PURPOSE! THAT MAKES FOR POWER, THE ONLY POWER WORTH WHILE, THE POWER GENERATED FOR LIVING LIFE WHEN IT IS LIVED UNSELFISHLY AND WITH A THOUGHT FOR OTHERS.*

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Services.....11:00
Broadcast WJJD

Dr. Preston Bradley has been the pastor from the beginning of the church in 1912.

Sunday Evening Services.....7:30

Sunday School.....9:30 a.m.
Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Supt.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures
..... 8:00

* * *

The Church services and Sunday School are discontinued for the summer. The Sunday Morning Services are resumed September 18th, as well as the Sunday School.

The Wednesday Evening Book Lectures are resumed November 2.

The Sunday Evening Services are resumed November 6.

* * *

Though regularly scheduled meetings of the various clubs and organizations of the Church are discontinued during the summer, some summer activities are carried on and these may be ascertained by keeping in touch with the corresponding secretaries or other officers of the various groups, whose addresses will be found under Church Directory at the back of this magazine.

DR. BRADLEY'S EUROPEAN TRIP

In this August number appears Dr. Bradley's first article describing his European trip, under the heading "Along The Way." The articles will continue in the September and October numbers of The Liberalist.

* * *

CLUB NOTES

The Professional and Business Woman's Club

The Program Committee of the Professional and Business Woman's Club met at the home of Florence Curtis, 1435 Elmdale Avenue, Saturday evening, July 16th. There were present, Rosalind Burtchby, newly appointed Program Chairman, Alice Pearson, Betty Porter, Grace Rozanski, President, Elsie Sykora, Recording Secretary, Joanne Plett, Treasurer and Ethel Wells Smalley.

Among programs in prospect for the coming club season are the opening meeting with an address by Dr. Preston Bradley, a Fashion Show, a Dale Carnegie Night, a "Word Whisker" Party, a Visit to the Arctic, a Study in Psychology and Numerology with Neysa Smith, a Book Review by Levina Jor-

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The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY.....Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON.....Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

IN a little pocket-size magazine called "Prism," I read a story which I cannot vouch for, but it seems that years ago in England there was a group of very wise men who organized a "Snail Watching Society." I am not an authority on snails. But we do know they move quietly and apparently always ultimately get to where they are going. They take their time, and there is no excitement or commotion about them—just steady, quiet effort. Perhaps there is a lesson for us which this "Snail Watching Society" in Great Britain has found. Perhaps we Americans, in our hectic, active, busy lives need to emulate more than we do the quiet persistence of the snail. We frequently think in terms of mileage, and tonnage, and speed, and we are apt to think that bigness and greatness are the same thing. Our lives sometimes become so cluttered that they are something like jungles that need clearing, and I sometimes think we would accomplish more than we do, if we would go to work at the task of clearing them with some of the quiet precision of the snail. For life is full of jungles—all kinds of jungles, many of them as vicious, unattractive, deathly, as the jungles of Coral Islands. Fighting the jungle, tearing, breaking, leveling the jungles about us, is one of our tasks as individuals every day and hour of life.

Are you, am I, equal to the challenge of the jungle? Are we able to marshal the instruments which can cut at the roots—the mass of protecting tree and winding roots which make a safe place for those who would destroy and hurt and mutilate us? What are some of these jungles? I am sure that they have occurred to many of you already; and that you have in your own mind thought of some of the jungles—the jungle of fear, envy, prejudice, cowardice, lies, viciousness, cruelty, vengeance; all these constitute the environment for the enemies which would destroy us, and there is only one way to handle them, and that is to cut them down, root and branch, releasing their poisonous vapors and steaming atmosphere, venomous and deadly

snakes and scorpions, wild beasts and devouring animals, all of which are in conspiracy against every decent, beautiful thing which man is capable of realizing, appreciating and expressing. And you can go about this as steadily, as methodically and as persistently as does the snail.

Here, given by Gilbert Murray, the great classical scholar, is a translation of a Greek prayer, which is just as powerful and potent today as it was when first uttered, 2,000 years ago. Perhaps it would help us in clearing our jungle of life:

"May I be no man's enemy and may I be the friend of that which is eternal and abides.

"May I never quarrel with those nearest me, and if I do, may I be reconciled quickly.

"May I never devise evil against any man. If any devise evil against me, may I escape uninjured and without the need of hurting him.

"May I love, seek and attain only that which is good.

"May I wish for all men's happiness and envy none.

"May I never rejoice in the ill-fortune of one who has ruined me.

"When I have done or said what is wrong, may I never wait for the rebuke of others, but always rebuke myself until I make amends.

"May I win no victory that harms either me or my opponent.

"May I never fail a friend in danger.

"May I respect myself.

"May I always keep tame that which rages within me.

"May I accustom myself to be gentle and never be angry because of circumstances."

If all of us applied these simple, impressive words, uttered by the ancient Greeks, we could clear the jungle of our lives so completely and thoroughly that the destructive enemies lurking and lingering there would never have an opportunity for our destruction and defeat. We would create for ourselves such an environment that the transformation would seem like a miracle to ourselves, and the jungle beasts, which we fear and which so many of us are unable to destroy, would annihilate themselves. We would prove a very old technique, but one which is difficult of application, and yet whose efficiency cannot be questioned:—the way to overcome evil is by the ancient formula—to overcome it with good. Evil cannot live in the presence of good. Evil men, evil principles, have within themselves the capacity for their own destruction. He who overcometh evil with good has won a permanent, conclusive victory over the jungles of life.

CLUB NOTES

(*Continued from page* 6)

dan, a Card Party, a Christmas Party, a Bazaar Donation Evening and a Business Woman's Autobiographical Night, with some Walt Disney Travelogues sandwiched in somewhere along the line. These programs have not been listed here in their proper order, but merely mentioned to give regular members and prospective members a sketchy idea of what may be expected during the club season.

The club meets on the second and fourth Tuesdays of the month, in Anderson Hall of the church, and any

member is always glad to furnish information about club activities.

* * *

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

Our Director's Special Thrill

As an interesting prelude to his summer vacation, our director, J. Bradley-Griffin, had the great pleasure of going to New York and seeing Dr. Bradley off for Europe. It was Mr. Bradley-Griffin's first trip to New York in several years and gave him an opportunity to see a few of the current Broadway hits. Although he was greatly thrilled with the excellent performances of Mary Martin and Ezio Pinza in TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC; Lisa Kirk and Alfred Drake in KISS ME, KATE; and several others, his greatest thrill of all was his visit with one of our former players, Ralph Meeker.

Ralph was with The Uptown Players during the first year we had our own theatre building on LaSalle Street. He appeared in GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE, THE TORCHBEARERS, DISTINGUISHED GATHERING, and THEATRE. That was five years ago, just after he was given a medical discharge from the Army Air Forces. Then Ralph secured a part in the Chicago company of DOUGHGIRLS, which was playing in Chicago at the time. As all eager and aspiring young actors usually do, he went to New York. His first big break was the role of Manion in the New York cast of MR. ROBERTS, where his excellent work came to the attention of Producer Joshua Logan. When the re-shifting of casts for the summer months took place and the producer was looking for someone to take over the part of Stanley Kowalski in STREET CAR NAMED DESIRE, Ralph was one of several who tried out for the part, the big difference between Ralph and the others being that Ralph got the part! Now he is playing the lead in that play opposite none other than the famous Uta Hagen. Jimmy had a wonderful visit with him and learned that although Ralph has apparently "arrived," he is still working hard so that he will be ready for his next big break. One of the souvenirs that Jimmy brought back from that New York trip was the program of STREET CAR NAMED DESIRE wherein Ralph in his "Who's Who in the Cast" mentions his work with The Uptown Players. A director can ask for no more.

A Rock Garden With a Difference

And now Jimmy is up north in the beautiful Arrowhead country absorbing the wonderful pine-laden air and bright sunshine. He has a fabulous rock garden up there to which he devotes a great deal of time, one which he always says has everything in it but the things one expects to see in a rock garden. But all his time is not spent in idleness.

Next Season

Word comes to us from up north that he is also working on new program material for next season and is busy selecting plays for presentation at the 11th Street Theatre. Among those he is considering are FOR LOVE OR MONEY, EDWARD, MY SON, GLASS MENAGERIE, PRESENT LAUGHTER, GOODBYE, MY FANCY, O MISTRESS MINE, TIME FOR ELIZABETH, THE SHOP ON SLY STREET, and possibly a revival of ONE FLIGHT DOWN, a play which we presented several years ago in our own theatre and one for which we have had repeated requests.

Also comes word from our extension representative that he is hard at work securing out-of-town engagements for the Players for next season. He has

return dates for us in all the towns where we appeared last season and he is very busy securing additional ones. So all in all, it looks like a busy season ahead for The Uptown Players.

Our Club Plan

Once again we would like to bring our Club Plan to your attention. If you are associated with any club or group that is anxious to raise money, we offer our regular $1.25 tickets for only 75c when bought in a group of 25 or more, so your club makes 50c on each ticket. If you are interested in receiving details on this Club Plan, simply drop a note to Mary Clarke, our Secretary-Treasurer, at 1149 North LaSalle Street, Chicago 10.

Also, if you have a favorite play you think we might be able to produce next season, why don't you drop us a note about that and we'll investigate and see if it's available and if we have the people to present it. We are always interested and anxious to receive your comments and suggestions.

We would also like to remind you of our amusement bargain in the purchase of a Patron Membership. They are still only $13.00 for the Saturday night performance and $10.00 for the other performances, in return for which you receive 12 admissions to the plays at the 11th Street Theatre, your name in the program, and an admission to each of our Drama Teas held the first Sunday of each month in Anderson Hall of The Peoples Church. Why not get behind Chicago's oldest continuous little theatre group and become a Patron Member?—M. C.

"MUCH OBLIGED, DEAR LORD."

FULTON OURSLER, the senior editor of The Reader's Digest, tells a story about his old nurse who had a very long name. It was seven names long, and began with Anna and ended with Thessalonians. Norman Vincent Peale includes this story in his book GUIDEPOSTS and I think it one of the most beautiful stories I have ever read. He calls it "Much Obliged, Dear Lord," and while I shall not tell the complete story to you, the gist of it had to do with being thankful.

As a little boy, Mr. Oursler noticed Anna, as she sat at the kitchen table in their home, her hard old brown hands folded across her starched wrapper, the glistening black eyes lifted to the white-washed ceiling, and the husky old whispering voice saying: "Much obliged, dear Lord, for my vittles." "Ann," he asked, "what is a vittle?" "It's what I've got to eat and drink—that's vittles." "But you'd get your vittles whether you thanked the Lord or not." "Sure. But it makes everything taste better to be thankful." Then she told him that when she waked up that morning she couldn't think of a thing to be thankful for; and she thought, what must the good God think of her. Then her daughter, Josie, opened the bedroom door and she smelled the coffee—she called it the most delicious morning smell that ever tickled her old nose. So she said "Much obliged, dear Lord, for the cof-

fee and the daughter to have it ready for an old woman when she wakes up."

The simplicity of her gratitude, as she went about her housework (for she admitted it was hard to find cause for gratitude in housework) caused her to be grateful as she found things she loved to remember—even the pictures on the wall were like a visit with her folks—for she had been a slave originally, and in the family for many years. So she got through her housework before she knew what she was doing, for she was so busy remembering.

She loved to window-shop, as we call it nowadays, for though she couldn't buy the things and had no occasion to wear them, she would stand and look at the long velvet gowns and think how pretty Fulton's Aunt Dot or his Cousin Leona would look in the dress, and would sort of play at dressing dolls, as she called it, and then would thank the Lord for playing in her mind, old as she was; it was a kind of happiness. Mr. Oursler remembered that when she came to die, and he, as a little boy, went with his mother to see her, and stood by her bedside, as she was deep in pain and the hard old hands were knotted together, he thought: Poor old woman—what had she to be thankful for now? She opened her eyes and looked at them and her eyes lingered with his. "Much obliged, dear Lord," she said, "for such fine friends."

I sometimes think if gratitude played a more important part in our lives—gratitude for the wonderful blessings and opportunities we have — there would be less cynicism and more purposeful achievement. You will find that you can't be cynical, or a complainer, or be too discouraged and at the same time be grateful. P. B.

. . . . . .

The bread that bringeth strength I want to give,
The water pure that bids the thirsty live;
I want to help the fainting day by day:
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give good measure running o'er,
And into angry hearts I want to pour
The answer soft that turneth wrath away;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way. Anon.

PRAYER

(From the Winchester Commentator, as published in "Our Faith")

Eternal spirit of the living God, who knowest the way into our inmost souls, where Thou canst bring peace to those who are troubled, light to those who are confused, courage to those who are afraid, once again we gather in this house of prayer to link our lives with Thine.

Help us to remember that when we have done our best we may leave the rest to Thee. Help us to realize that the great plan for this beautiful but shadowed world rests with Thee, but that the major responsibility is ours. Long before we came into the world Thou wert at work on the age-old purposes, using men and women like ourselves to further them; long after our brief moment of life is done Thou wilt be working still, patiently shaping the world nearer to thy heart's desire. Help us to be very conscious that Thou dost expect us to put our lives on the highest level we can attain and to resolutely keep them there, meeting life's varied problems with all the intelligence and courage we possess.

Teach us to be practical idealists with our eyes on the stars and our feet on the ground, never losing sight of the ideal but willing to work toward it with whatever instruments are at hand, however broken or imperfect they may be.

May thy liberating spirit move through the sluggish currents of our beings. Quicken our perceptions. Clarify our thinking. Stiffen our wills. Help us to live on a plane where petty discords and jealousies of self-regard find no place. Give us a closer walk with Thee. Amen.

THE STRENGTH OF QUIETNESS

MOST of us walk with the procession or in the crowd. Those way out in front, who constitute the leaders, the more spectacular type of person, are after all, few. The rest of us spend our lives plodding along, taking each day as we find it, dreaming our dreams, and seeing some of them crash to earth, and also experiencing the joy of success and triumph. We have our illnesses, suffer pain, stand by the bedside of loved ones as they leave us, endure our defeats, and sometimes wonder whether life is not being unkind. Our hearts sink, and then we need to be encouraged and urged on.

People of genius, to whom nature has been generous, want little of such encouragement. They seem to be sufficient unto themselves, but they are in the great minority. Most of us who are living life need help along the way. It is the common people—and you remember Lincoln's oft repeated phrase, "God must have loved the common people or he wouldn't have made so many of them"—well, it is the common people whose problems are our problems, and whose troubles are our troubles. I speak to hearts that need to have always ready the last ounce of strength, all the reserve possible, for sometimes the challenge is very great and the burden heavy.

There are people who have been deluded into thinking that life is meant to be easy, and when they find it otherwise, rather than put up the fight which all of us must make, they resign and give up. When was life ever meant to be easy? I have never found it so. Would the name of Helen Keller have been known if she had given up, as so many less handicapped than she have done, with much less excuse? At nineteen months she was permanently blind and deaf, her only speech a gurgling sound. In all her years she has never looked on this fair universe or seen the beauty of a face; never heard the sound of a bird or the sound of a human voice. She took what was left of her mutilated body, and through her courage and intelligence opened up a different world. She once said that she liked to go rowing alone on the river near her home. "I like to go rowing alone," she said, "and steer my way by the smell of the flowers along the banks."

Almost every day of my life during the winter, I cross the great Michigan Avenue Bridge, which spans the Chicago River. Many of my readers have probably crossed that bridge. It is built on two levels. On the upper level ride sleek limousines, and it carries the general street traffic of those who ride and walk. Down below, on the other level, the trucks come and go. When the great bridge is raised to permit a ship to pass, it is done so quietly and noiselessly that as you stand and watch it, as I often have, there seems to be no effort at all. Great pillars of steel go down into the earth and the mechanism which lifts the bridge is so con-

structed that the shifting of a few ounces, under the law of balance, lifts the mighty span. You don't see the machinery, you don't hear it operate, but the work is done; and when the bridge is lowered, the two parts quietly join, the traffic is resumed, and life goes on in the heart of a tumultuous throbbing city.

So it is with life. The most powerful forces are not heard. They are quiet and silent. No one ever heard a sunrise. No one ever heard the law of gravitation. No one ever heard the beauty and power of love. The upper level moves along in rhythmic beauty, but underneath, on the lower level are the forces that keep, maintain and preserve those on the upper. So in every life, there are deep, undercurrents of our lives which the world may not see, or understand, but they give beauty, strength and character to life itself.

We need the quiet influences of life, the still, small voice. These influences are found in a simple prayer, a lovely poem, in beautiful music, in the face of a morning flower, in the beauty and the glory of the heart of a friend. It is these influences which are so necessary to help us face the challenge that we all must meet, day after day. One of the great sentences of the Ancient Book to me is, "Be still and know that I am God." Noise is not necessarily growth or progress. Activity is not necessarily getting somewhere. Sometimes in the quiet hours of life are moments of greatest growth. To know this is to know one of life's most valuable truths. To practice it is to strengthen our souls. My friend, Max Ehrman, has said: "Go placidly amid the noise and the haste and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible without surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly and listen to others, even to the dull and the ignorant. They, too, have their story. Many persons strive for high ideals, and everywhere life is full of heroism. Be yourself. Especially do not feign affection. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in misfortune. But do not distress yourself with dark imaginings. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore, be at peace with God, and whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noise and confusions of life, keep peace in your soul."

Elizabeth Barr Haas wrote a poem which has been published in a book of Unity Poems. It might have been the inspiration for Helen Keller's life, so aptly does it describe that life. It is called

CREED FOR THE DAUNTLESS

When keeping on seems fruitless,
Push on with all the power you own!
Consider wind's and water's way
With hard, resistant stone.
Think how one trickle, dropping slow,
Will groove the stoutest block,
And how the gentlest winds that blow
Will round the sharpness of a rock.
Think how the spider mends his web
Full twenty score times seven;
The lark mounts up a thousand times
To shout his song to heaven!
God molds a million tiny cells
That one child's face may be so dear;
He veins the smallest early leaf
Persistent year on year.
Patience formed a universe
Through trial and error, score on score,
And still God's purposes go on—
Ah, surely you can try once more!
Today the wall that shut you out
May be a door to let you through;
The soil produced from stone may grow
The reddest rose you ever knew;
And all you sought for, sick at heart,
Rises to greet you like the dawn
Around the corner—face to face:
So keep on keeping on!

THE MEDIOCRE MINDS

HERE on the north side of Chicago in what is designated as the Uptown District, there is a very active and influential Lions Club, called the Uptown Lions Club. This club several years ago elected me an honorary life member and once a year they hold what they call Dr. Bradley Day.

When the club observed the day recently, I was invited to give the address, which I did gladly, for it is always an inspiring experience for me. There is a member of that club by the name of Jack Bernhard. He and his father, B. J. Bernhard, have the Dexter Press up on the North Side here, and in connection with that, they publish a little "magazinlette" I think you could almost call it, every month, called "The Right Hand." They sent me a copy of it this week and I was so impressed with something Mr. B. J. Bernhard had written that I want to pass it on to you.

Mr. Bernhard said that the old poem, "The boy stood on the burning deck," which was published fifty years ago, is one of the saddest commentaries on human thinking. You remember the story: "The boy stood still, doing nothing although the ship was on fire, and the fire spread. The powder magazine blew up, sending all on board to kingdom come. Ask any American sailor what he would have done. He would have sounded fire call, organized a bucket brigade or used any means at hand to save his comrades and the ship. Unfortunately we find many of these burning deck heroes in private life. Instead of attacking and overcoming their difficulties, they stand by helplessly. They lack both the courage and intelligence to beat the problem. They comfort themselves pretending that they are noble and self-sacrificing, adding hypocrisy to weakness, making failure inevitable. The first time you find your foot in the flames, don't be a martyr, put out the fire and join the parade."

This rather unique and unusual interpretation of the old poem that we all knew and most of us could recite, "The boy stood on the burning deck," is a point of view that all of us might well consider as we face the challenge and the difficulties which are all about us.

The whole world is in trouble, and what are we going to do about it? I find people are divided into two groups about this situation: the first group says there isn't anything we can do about it; that we are all caught in some relentless tide of human affairs. I don't know any word that expresses it any more adequately than the one word "victim"; that we are simply the victims of it all; and that no matter what effort is made, what we say or what we do, fate will run its course, and a destiny is already written in the stars for mankind, so "Make the best of it, and let it go at that." With a shrug of the shoulders and a cynical smile, they reply there is nothing can be done about it. So they go with the current, they drift with the stream, they create no resistance, they accept what they think is inevitable and wait for the final catastrophe. There are a lot of those people in the world.

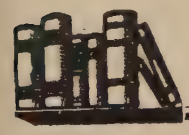
Then there is the other group: the group that gets mad; that rebels; that revolts and says "I will not accept these things; I am going to have something to say about my own destiny and the future of my nation and the ultimate outcome of this that we call civilization. I am not going to fold my arms and let events take their course. I

am going to weigh and consider. I am going to be man enough to stand up on my two feet, and without fear or favor utilize all the energy I have of self-determination, intelligence and all of the character which I possess, to prevent catastrophe, disaster and chaos." These are the real saviors of the situation, the ones from whom will come the leadership.

We can call the roll of history straight down through the ages, and the men and women who have been the most valuable members of society are those who have dared to stand up for the principles, the issues, the causes which they have felt were so essential to the preservation of the decencies of life. They are usually somewhat unpopular with their contemporaries. They are frequently called names and labels are pinned on them but they are impervious to all this. They have a dream and an ideal and a hope for mankind. They do not accept fatalism or the idea of an uncontrolled destiny.

It has never been easy for anyone to stand against the currents of their time, or to refuse to accept as permanent the status quo. They are the ones who do not fear change when that change is for the better. They are the ones who are willing to walk the highway of the years alone and sometimes despised and spat upon, and often presented with a cup of hemlock, or made to carry their own cross to a modern Golgotha; but as the years roll by, we see how valuable they were, and how they have been the preservers of the best values in our civilization. We need not less of this in this modern day; we need more of it.

The pomposity of little men in high places and the curse of immature minds in adult bodies, is almost universal throughout the world today—in fact, future historians will probably say that this era in Europe and elsewhere is the era of the mediocre man. For a quarter of a century Europe has been ruled by little men; men whose mentality and education could not grasp the principles of international trade and justice. Mussolini, a corporal in World War 1, was one of these little men, and so was Hitler another example of mediocrity encrusted with the covering of an opportunist. Stalin is another one. France has been a victim of small minds. So has England, and any honest observer could not help but conclude that we have had a similar difficulty at home. Poland, the Balkan States and Greece all reveal the inefficiency of mediocre men. Never in the history of the world was there a time when so many men of so small calibre and low morality held high positions. Something must be done about this. It is not the fault of democracy nor religion. They have not failed and they will not fail. We are the failures. We have failed them. There never was a time in American history when the lady who holds the light aloft at the entrance to our continent needed help any more than now.



BOOK CHATS

WE are all familiar with the implications of nationalism. Some things that are good and some that are bad are bound up in those implications. When the tragic second World War came to a close,

we began to work with, to think and talk about the United Nations. And now we have a little book of 189 pages, called "Above All Nations," which was made available April 13th of this year. This book, like many which I have brought to your attention recently, is a compilation. Four people worked together in compiling it: George Catlin, Vera Brittain, Sheila Hodges and Gert Spindler. It was edited by Devere Allen, and published by Harpers.

The idea back of this book makes it worth a great deal more than the purchase price. The book was begun during the war, by Vera Brittain and her husband George Catlin, at the request of the publisher, Victor Gollanz. Later on they found that Gert Spindler had been doing much the same thing in Germany and Devere Allen in America. Thus the project itself was literally "above all nations." Never before has such a record of the heroes of goodwill been assembled, for it is a compilation of stories of kindness, love and heroism between individuals of enemy armies. We have no idea, I am sure, of the extent to which specific acts of mercy and human understanding were performed in the peril and stress of combat. Yet we do know that so intense is the instinct for cooperation among members of the human race that one of war's personnel problems was the urge toward fraternization with the foe. The drive toward fellowship exists between peoples of all lands.

One of the loveliest stories of the book is the very first story under the division called "In Battle." There are nine divisions in the book with many stories under each division, and because the stories are short, there is a great variety of experience covered by this little book, which is really cheering reading for anyone who believes in peace and brotherhood. Yet in these stories the facts of war are faced, as well. There are 200 true stories in the book, of man's humanity to man. These are not war stories, as such, but people of different nations are thrown together in unpredictable circumstances, and the stories show to what height compassion and imagination can rise in the midst of brutality. And in no other way could it be shown so clearly that men are men, no matter what their flag. That first story I started to tell you about occurred on the Marshall Islands. The flyer who bailed out from his blazing plane would have been dead had it not been for the lone Jap who nursed him and befriended him. Two of them alone on a diminutive island, speaking to each other in languages which neither could understand. Yet they became such friends and comrades that when later on, the Marines landed and shot the little Jap on sight, the befriended flyer, lying there on his back, cried like a baby The little Jap was bringing him food when the Marines shot the brown-skinned befriender of their buddy. Mr. Kreuzer, for that was the flyer's name, asked the Marines to get for him the rosary worn by the little Jap—a rosary made of cocoa beads, and the picture of "Yum Yum," the Jap's sweetheart. They had said the rosary together each evening, the Jap leading in Japanese, and Mr. Kreuzer answering in English. "You can never trust one of those little yellow swine," said one of the Marines; "and of course he was right (said Kreuzer), so right that I could never hope to tell him how dead wrong he really was."

The famous Rockefeller Foundation included this extraordinary statement in its 1942 Report: "An American soldier wounded on a battlefield in the Far East owes his life to the Japanese scientist, Kitasato, who isolated the

bacillus of tetanus. A Russian soldier saved by a blood transfusion is indebted to Landsteiner, an Austrian. A German is shielded from typhoid fever with the help of a Russian, Metchnikoff. A Dutch Marine in the East Indies is protected from malaria because of the experiments of an Italian, Grassi; while a British aviator in North Africa escapes death from surgical infection because a Frenchman, Pasteur, and a German, Koch, elaborated a new technique. In peace as in war we are beneficiaries of knowledge contributed by every nation in the world. Our children are protected from diphtheria by what a Japanese and a German did; they are protected from smallpox by the work of an Englishman; they are saved from rabies because of a Frenchman; they are cured of pellagra through the researches of an Austrian. From birth to death they are surrounded by an invisible host—the spirits of men who never thought in terms of flags or boundary lines and who never served a lesser loyalty than the welfare of mankind." In this little book there are stories under such headings as: Helping the Wounded—Prisoners and the Interned — The Lighter Side—Civilians—War Graves —Respect for the Foe—Love Your Enemies—and a final chapter called "Christianity Speaks."

This book, "Above All Nations," was first published in England in 1945 by Victor Gollanz, and reached a sale of more than 60,000 copies. American incidents of wartime mercy and cooperation, across the barriers of nationalism and conflict, were of necessity recorded sketchily in the British volume. Hence an American edition was called for. Mr. Devere Allen, in his foreword to this edition says that as he went about the job of gathering fresh additional material, it was incomparably more difficult to find, in the secular press of the United States, reports of similar humane acts; that although religious papers on our side of the Atlantic had printed numerous reliable stories, both during and after the war, such accounts have been extremely rare in the daily papers. He claims that abundant stories were published, in the heat of conflict, through bombings and deep personal bereavement, by the press of Britain; and that this volume shows the American soldiers were no less moved to compassion and human comradeship than were those of other countries; yet one looked almost in vain to the American press for the reporting of such kindly, generous deeds.

In writing a foreword for the original edition, its British publisher, Victor Gollanz, said: "It is not the intention of this book, and let no one imagine that it is, to suggest that in the conduct of hostilities 'there's nothing to choose between the two sides.' Nevertheless, Germans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Russians and the rest can show themselves to be men and not brutes precisely at the moments when, were it not for the awful compulsion of the good instinct, brutality would be so much easier. Hope must come," says Mr. Gollanz, "if it is to come at all, from faith: the faith that in every human being some goodness is latent, and that in the fulness of time—it may be after a few generations, it may be in ten thousand years—this goodness must surely issue in an international society worthy of our human dignity and pride." And now I quote from a letter of an Australian Padre writing on his experiences as a prisoner of war: "How can you feel hostile to a group of guards who ask you to hold their fish (and their rifles) while they get off the train to get you a cup of tea, and who then miss the train, leaving you to eat their fish and nurse their rifles? And you cannot feel altogether

hostile to a policeman who undresses in his office to show you his pretty uniform. Sometimes it is true, the real Blackshirts come along, and then the atmosphere becomes severely impersonal. But that's rare. More often, I think, we have come to think of our goalers as a group of individuals—Toni, Marco, Mario, Guiseppe—the simple-minded victims of a brutal system they have allowed to come to power. I don't know if it's good politics, but it happens." Some of the tales of heroism are sad tales, but I think this is a book you will not want to miss and one which none of us should miss. It is well to read of the human side of all humanity, for only as we believe in peace and brotherhood can we ever bring it into existence.

* * *

I now bring you a book which should be especially helpful. It has been written by a very well-known physician. His name is Clarence William Lieb. His own full, rich life bears witness to his success in outwitting old age, and the title of his book is "Outwitting Your Years." He is a native of Rhinelander, Wisconsin, received his M. A. Degree at the University of Colorado, and his M. D. at Harvard Medical School in 1914. Later he became president of the Harvard Medical Society. As a practicing diagnostician in New York, Dr. Lieb has had as patients many eminent people, including Sarah Bernhardt, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale and Roy Howard. Since 1930 Dr. Lieb has confined his practice largely to the treatment of diseases and ills peculiar to old age. He lives at present in semi-retirement in California and finds time to enjoy his hobbies—such as collecting antique furniture, products that are the work of the American Indian, (and then my interest was aroused and I felt a decided kinship with Dr. Lieb,) for his additional hobbies are fishing (which is my own keen delight) and studying the stars. And when I look at a beautiful night sky up at my island home in beautiful Lake Vermilion, I can sympathize with anyone who is interested in the study of the stars. As far as I am concerned, one need not be an oldster to have these last two interests for hobbies. That fine inspirational writer, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale (you remember he wrote the book which I have reviewed for you, "A Guide to Confident Living")—Dr. Peale says of this book of Dr. Lieb's, "Outwitting Your Years": "It gives commonsense advice on how to meet the challenge of your years and how to enjoy life on both sides of fifty," and adds, "I have found this book intensely interesting and comforting. Dr. Lieb knows his subject extraordinarily well. The book reveals long study and I find it the best gathering together of material on the matter that I have ever seen."

Dr. Lieb opens his book with the story of a little colored girl who was gaily making mud pies in the gutter, and when someone asked her how old she was, she said, "If I'se as old as granmudder says I is, I'se free years old, but if you judges by the fun I'se had, I'se near on a hundred." That seems like very wise philosophy for a three-year-old, but it holds the kernel of a very big idea. And Dr. Lieb calls it a re-statement of Rousseau's famous remark, that "life consists less in length of days than in the keen sense of living." He believes this zest for living is not confined to any one walk of life or to either sex. "The person most vibrant with it that I have ever known," says Dr. Lieb, "was a woman. Her name was Sarah Bernhardt. I shall never forget my last professional call on the famous tragedienne. She

was in her seventieth year, and just recovering from the amputation ordeal which, for all her spirited speech and gestures, had left her weak and frail. I found her in great pain, and after ascertaining its cause — acute gall bladder colic — I at once telephoned for a nurse and took steps to cancel her evening's performance, which was scheduled to start within the hour. The scene that followed was worthy of one of Bernhardt's greatest audiences. In almost a single breath she countermanded my order for a nurse, telephoned the theatre that she would go on, and demanded immediate relief from her agonizing pain. After two hypodermic injections she ordered her chauffeur and attendants to lift her into her automobile, whisked me in beside her, and rushed through the traffic to the theatre. Although she continued to suffer acutely in spite of my ministrations, she went through the whole performance with consummate skill and self-control. No one in the audience knew that this performance, her last and considered by many critics her greatest in America, was given while she was under opiates and in excruciating pain. She was indeed 'the divine Sarah.' She survived not only that night's tour de force but nine more busy, gallant years. With her will to live, if it had not been for infirmities which had nothing to do with advancing years, I can believe that even now," says Dr. Lieb, "at well past a hundred she might be doing Joan of Lorraine on Broadway."

The author names dozens of other women and men who have exemplified this spirit of the will to live. He truly proves that our years after forty can be our best years. He not only shows there is more than a solution for every problem—he shows there is a way to turn the so-called bad into the definitely good. If you're afraid of being out of date, then read pages 71 through 79. If you fear diseases of old age, you will find not only answers, but sound advice and guidance in Chapters 18, 19, 20 and 21. If you think there is a gap between "youth" and "age" that can never be bridged he has a chapter 8 which you should read carefully. And if you are worried about a new job for your later years, pages 102 to 122 are filled with startlingly novel, down-to-earth suggestions. He will help you with insomnia and give you a wealth of sensible advice and reassurance. He is sound; he is practical, candid and so very understanding. He dispels many misconceptions and vague fears and shows you the way out of confusion and fear. This book should help anyone to a better, healthier, happier and easier life.

There is a chapter in this book called "Why Retire?" that not only the individual worker should read, but leaders of business everywhere would do well to consider and ponder. He has very decided views on this subject. He thinks "That arbitrary retirement at sixty-five or sixty, or sometimes even at fifty-five, should be decreed by a group of government and corporation officials who have no intention of retiring at those ages themselves, is too ridiculous for supposedly adult persons to discuss. And that the notion should gain credence at a time in the world's history when medical science, improved nutrition, hygiene, and general labor conditions have not only vastly increased the numbers of people attaining these ages, but have fitted them physically and mentally to retain their ability to live useful and productive lives, is not only psychologically and physiologically, but also economically, devastating." And under a heading called "It's Murder," he further says that "Like so many schemes that are

only half thought through and do untold harm to the very persons they are designed to help, this one was started by people of good will and with good intent, but people who had apparently never heard the truism that not to work is to die." He believes in a radical modification of what is to him "legalized mass murder." He mentions a college president nearly eighty whose hold on his institution is as firm as ever, and who continues his aggressive leadership in community affairs; and then speaks of the Chicago executive who, in his hundredth year, was running one of the city's finest stores. No doubt he had reference to Mr. Lytton, who left us recently. Dr. Lieb makes a decided distinction between one's chronological age and one's biological age; and contends that to be chronologically old is unimportant, but to be biologically old *is* important. He quotes Dr. Harry Benjamin of New York City, who believes that "Sometime in the future, age must be determined biologically and not by a certain number of years." I should like to tell you much more of what Dr. Benjamin says, but I want you to read just a few of the chapter headings. The chapters are made doubly interesting by many sub-heads in each chapter. Here are a few headings: THE GOOD DO NOT DIE YOUNG — FIFTY-UPPERS, MORE AND MORE OF THEM—BRIDGING THE GAP — EVERYONE TO HIS HOBBY—FREEDOM FROM PAIN—BOLTS AND JOLTS —STOP, LOOK, LISTEN—(and here is a wise one) THE PLATTER IS MORE DEADLY THAN THE SWORD—IT'S FUN TO BE OLD—and a final chapter on THE SUPREME ALCHEMY. There are 29 chapters in all and I've only listed ten of them. I don't think anyone over thirty should miss this book, and as those under thirty won't stay there always, it might be well for them to make a mental note of reading the book "OUTWITTING YOUR YEARS," later on. "OUTWITTING YOUR YEARS," by CLARENCE WILLIAM LIEB, M.D., and published by Prentice-Hall on the 11th of this month is a book you should read.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

"Arden"

My Dear Friends:

Never have I seen a more beautiful day! The wonder of its beauty and the absolute stillness are awe inspiring;—not a leaf or branch moving—not even a ripple on the water. "Cotton" clouds slowly sail the soft, heavenly blue sky and are mirrored in the lake. Many birds are flying about, but they too are quiet, because they are tending their second nests and are loath to attract attention. There is a thin haze over the hills and distant shoreline, exactly as we see it and expect it in August. The stillness, the air a perfect temperature—warm but not too much so—is all August-like. Although it is still

July I am writing this for the August Liberalist, and surely I have the proper setting. If it were truly August I would know that my traveling husband was homeward bound! In fact, he is in Belfast, Ireland today and will be preaching there twice on Sunday next.

I know he is enjoying very much meeting with old friends who for a long time have anticipated his coming. No words could express how much I miss him—we all do at the little island, which in itself seems only to be awaiting his return. Little Skippy is always listening and watching—expecting his beloved master to step onto the dock every time a boat stops. He stays very close to me—and follows if I go from one room to another or to the porch, and coaxes me in plainly understandable language to go down to the dock to sit, where he can watch for boats! Yes, Skip, we are just waiting! Nothing is the same without him—the sky, the clouds, the lake, the tall pines and birches, the garden so accented with color, the sunsets in their glory, the moonpath across the bay, defying description—none of it seems in the fullness of its beauty till he who makes it possible for us to be here in this little suburb of heaven is here also to enjoy it!

And now, dear friends, I think we shall look into the Mail Bag, for I must not write too long, as this must be ready for the mail boat.

* * *

Here is such a beautifully appreciative letter from Grand Haven, Mich. It makes one very grateful that The Peoples Church has the advantage of the radio broadcast, when letters such as this one tell of the comfort and courage brought by Dr. Bradley's radio message.

"Dear Dr. Bradley: You have been a great inspiration in the lives of my Mother, my Brother and me. We do not belong to any church here in Grand Haven, Michigan, but we are, mentally, members of your church.

"Your sermon 'of the Spring,' about crossing Lake Michigan and landing on its east coast brought us *great* happiness. Our Mother passed on in 1943, but my Brother and I love the beauty of water and the 'Good Earth.' We are of Holland descent but *see* and *feel* 'beyond' any 'narrowness' of church creeds. God's world is truly a thing of Beauty. We saw it all so vividly, just as you described it and the blue of the sky lifted our souls. God bless you!

"We congratulate you on your 25th year of Radio Service! We hope to go to Chicago especially to hear and see you some Sunday this summer. My Brother and I attended your church in 1933 and shook hands with you.

"My Brother suffered a severe accident and you are the *one* source of courage he has to help him 'carry on.' He repeats what you say. He is very brilliant—is so good and fine of character. He longs for Sundays when you give him new inspiration to carry on for one more week.

"You *paint* such vivid word *pictures* that he is like a new person after your Sunday Radio Church Service. I only wish you could see his great talent in landscape painting. He inherited it from our ancestors in the Netherlands. They painted scenes upon the walls of the rich people there. I am sure that he is well enough now to be able to assist an artist in his work, and this would be a big encouragement to him.

"I have been secretary to the City Manager here in Grand Haven for 31 years. I learned to be a teacher of commercial subjects, but due to Mother's poor health I became a business secretary. As I grew older, religion became important to me. I sought some church which would give me strength and

comfort to carry on. I have found yours in Chicago. I have studied several religions: the Reformed Holland Church, the Christian Science Church, the Presbyterian Church and the Catholic Church—and I find my greatest help from The Peoples Church, of Chicago.

"Enclosed is my radio contribution. Most respectfully, Anje Steveling."

* * *

Many "Godspeed" letters came to Dr. Bradley before he left for Europe. This one came from Mrs. Vera Schultz of N. Clark St.:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: You will leave us for a short time. But your voice will come to us as usual every Sunday on the WJJD Sunday broadcast. I shall be listening. God keep you and send you back to us safely.

"I am enclosing here a little help for the church. Most sincerely."

So many prayers have been with Dr. Bradley on his trip that I am not surprised to have received word from him that never did he have a smoother trip on the Atlantic..

* * *

Another letter which expressed a wish for Dr. Bradley's safety and gratitude for a book review broadcast came from Westfield, Illinois:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I am writing to tell you how much we appreciate your fine radio visits with us. You are always so helpful and inspiring and we shall miss you while you are away, but we know you need a change and rest. I hope you will enjoy the summer and we shall be happy to hear you again when you return home.

"Last evening I was interested in the book you were speaking about—'Outwitting Your Years,' by Dr. William Clarence Lieb. Would like so much to read the book. Know it is interesting and helpful.

"Friday eve I enjoyed your interesting talk so much, but could not help but feel sad that you are going so far away, and yet it will be a pleasure to think *you* will enjoy your visit in Europe and will be an inspiration to all those you may meet. I want to thank you for all the fine things you have said and done to help make life more beautiful and richer for us all.

"And now, we shall be thinking of you and wishing for you a pleasant journey and a safe return. Sincerely your friend, Jessie Berkley."

* * *

And I close the Mail Bag with this "Good Luck" wish from Escanaba, Michigan:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Just finished listening to your regular evening broadcast and, as usual, find it so stimulating—as refreshing as a cool summer breeze.

"Your topic for tonight, 'History Repeating Itself' and 'The Inevitability of War?' with a question mark implied —how often one hears that phrase— and I have shared the privilege with you of refuting both statements. This type of fatalism is the philosophy of people who have lost their confidence in man. Without this faith in ourselves we will accomplish naught; and your message is always renewing their confidence, as you find beauty and truth all about you in man and in nature.

"May this brief missive serve to encourage you in your excellent and so necessary endeavor. The best of luck to you, Sir. Sincerely yours, Carl R. Anderson."

These messages of appreciation and gratitude, and the prayers for safety that go with them are all deeply appreciated by both Dr. Bradley and myself.

And now, Good Luck to all of you, for a pleasant summertime.

AND — KEEP — ON — THE — BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

JUNE

1—Commencement Address. High School, Bemidji, Minnesota
2—Commencement Address. Greenway High School, Coleraine, Minn.
5—Sunday Morning Service
Peoples Church
Goethe Sunday
Commencement Address
Galesburg, Ills.
6—Address. I.W.L.A. Banquet
Galesburg, Ills.
7—Presiding at Annual Meeting
Chicago Council Against Racial and Religious Discrimination
YWCA Gymnasium
11—Address. Northern Ill. Assoc. of Oddfellows and Rebekahs
High School Auditorium, Joliet, Illinois.
12—Closing Sunday Morning Service
Peoples Church
23, 24, 25—National Convention Izaak Walton League of America
Denver, Colorado

CHRISTENINGS

5—Ronald William DeLorme and Gary Henry DeLorme, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Harry DeLorme
Robert James Kosner, son of Mr. and Mrs. James R. Kosner
Bruce William Henry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Henry
12—Edward George Williams, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward George Williams

WEDDINGS

4—Carol Jeanne Culley and Donald Bill
11—Elsa Kessler and James Carroll
Betty Carter and Irving Silverman
Catherine Lahny and Rudolph E. DePalma
12—Geraldine Kostoch and Frank Gualtieri
12—Mrs. Ruth Lincoln and Gerhard S. Seim

FUNERALS

9—Henry Lippel

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